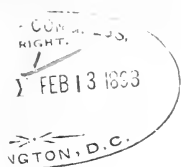


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FEB 13 1893

To the 

 Occident.

By Charles J. Beattie.





TO THE OCCIDENT,



COLUMBUS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.



Este hombre grande sera siempre la gloria de su patria.



A WORLDS FAIR POEM



By
CHARLES J. BEATTIE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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To The Occident!

Our ships are trim—our sailors true,
Trusty and tried each vessel's crew,
As ever muster'd by the mast,
As ever dared the ocean's blast,
Who in the battle or the storm,
Would danger brave in every form;
Now westward bound—o'er ocean's spray,
Through treach'rous seas to find a way
To reach fair India's golden shore,
O'er wat'ry wastes unsail'd before
Our little fleet shall cross the main
And safely home return again.

Your sails unfurl, stanch ships of Spain,
 To brave the far unfathom'd main,
 And every inch of cloth display,
 To catch the trade winds day by day,
 Spread every ell of canvas white,
 To woo the breezes of the night;
 Shake out the reefs from every sail
 To draw each zephyr, blast and gale!
 Man well each watch—guard stern and bow
 And westward point each vessel's prow
 Across the wide untravel'd deep
 To where the Sun god sinks to sleep.

Each Bark, obedient to the helm,
 Shall seek an occidental realm
 Whose shores shall woo a brighter sun;
 Where mighty rivers seaward run;
 With lakes like seas that ebb and flow;
 Mountains—eternal crowned with snow,
 Pregnant with ore—with wealth untold,
 Plains bright with flow'rs and gems and gold!
 Forests where trees like turrets high
 Rear their proud cones to greet the sky,
 A virgin realm—a world unknown,
 Where Empire waits—we'll seize the throne.

O'er the wild waste of waters wide
 They brav'd the storms—they stemm'd the tide;
 By torturing, torrid heat oppress'd,
 And adverse gales blown from the west,
 Sometimes becalm'd upon the deep,
 As if the winds had gone to sleep;
 And weeks succeeded days of gloom,
 Like shadows of approaching doom,
 It seemed the hand of sullen fate,
 Had barred them from the golden gate;
 Nor wonderful that murmurs rose
 Amid untold and myriad woes.

Nor wonderful that on the main
 Dark superstition haunts the brain—
 Where nought is seen but seas and skies,
 That phantom forms untold arise,
 And all the weird sounds that rave
 Round mast and spar upon the wave,
 That startle sailors in their sleep,
 Like goblins who infest the deep,
 As if the arch fiend had let slip
 His satellites to haunt each ship—
 With nought but clouds and storms in view
 What wonder, terror seized each crew?

"Ho ! Admiral, stay ! why do you haste
 Across this unknown watery waste?
 Where all the fiends that roam the deep
 Haunt us awaking and asleep,
 While demons of the sea and air
 Seem jubilant at our despair,
 With all things wrong—calms, winds and waves
 But bear us on to ocean graves;
 Why bring us from our land of vines,
 Of holy altars—sacred shrines—
 To lay our hearts beneath the foam
 Of boundless waters far from home?

The Admiral said, "Sail on ! sail on !
 Nor dream of joys or sorrows gone,
 We soon shall reach the western isles,
 Where nature wears her virgin smiles;
 Then all our toils and trials o'er,
 Erect our standard on the shore,
 And there—the royal flag unfurl'd—
 Give Spain a new—an infant—world.
 What coward heart would backward turn,
 From where new fires of freedom burn
 On virgin shrines, on altars new,
 That beckon there the brave and true?

A glorious land shines through my dreams,
 With pine clad hills and limpid streams,
 Where snow crown'd mountains grandly rise
 Above the clouds, to greet the skies,
 And tow'r so high in upper air,
 No living thing approaches there
 Except the condor, which can soar
 The ariel realms of azure o'er;
 In every ell from crown to base,
 Gold fills each aperture and space,
 And rocks that line the distant shore,
 Are crystal blocks of silver ore.

A land where brighter sunbeams glow,
 Where brighter oceans ebb and flow,
 Where inland lakes like oceans broad
 Water and beautify the sod:
 Rivers—that flow a thousand miles,
 Dotted with green and fruitful isles;
 To which the Nile and Rhine are rills
 That ripple down from pigmy hills!
 Rivers where ship and bark and boat—
 The navies of the world might float;
 That water plains like Eden's vales—
 Sail on! and pray for fav'ring gales.

A land with plains extending wide,
 From ocean's brim to mountain side,
 Pregnant with fruit, with flow'rs aflame,
 Of every hue and shade and name,
 Where herds of kine and red deer dwell,
 The antelope and swift gazelle;
 Unnumber'd as the flakes of snow,
 Roam antlered moose and buffalo;
 And sheep whose wool the silk worms wove,
 Countless as leaflets in the grove;
 And every beast that woos the chase,
 In thousands roam the boundless space.

A land where forests throw their shade
 On hill and dell, on glen and glade;
 Where every tree and shrub and flow'r
 That grace the grove or park or bow'r,
 Grow in their grandeur ever green;
 While flitting through the leafy screen
 Are birds with plumage that will vie
 With brightest colors of the sky,
 To which the fairest tints are given--
 As if they winged their way from heaven
 To brighten earth with colors gay,
 Born far beyond the milkyway.

Oh ! who would backward basely turn ?
 What sailor fears an ocean urn ?
 Such should be doom'd a menial slave
 Unfit to consort with the brave—
 Turn ! no ! the stormiest seas we'll cross,
 Despite the storms that daily toss
 Our barks like corks upon the tide,
 Like Spanish sailors true and tried,
 We'll brave the wildest storm and gale,
 Until the destined goal we hail,
 And moor our barks along the strand
 Of that all-glorious golden land.

Return ! no ! we are sailors true,
 Nor dread the storms nor waters blue,
 And backward now our steps to trace
 Would brand us with profound disgrace;
 Patience, brave boys ! we soon shall see
 Hope's golden land upon our lee."
 Regardless of their wild despair,
 Despite their cringing coward prayer,
 And mutter'd threats of mutine force.
 Onward the Admiral held his course
 Led on by fate's imperial hand
 He won the prize—the destin'd land.

Land of his hopes--his feet now press
 The new world in its loveliness;
 The inspirations of his soul
 Has led him to the destin'd goal;
 Leader in hope's progressive van,
 He gave a new found world to man—
 A world to form a thousand states,
 With silver hills and golden gates;
 What glowing triumph lights his smile,
 Landing on San Salvador's Isle,
 Crowned with a hero's deathless name,
 Penn'd on the rolls of endless fame.

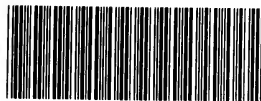
Imperious tyrant! fleeting time,
 Resistless in thy march sublime,
 We scarce thy hurried movements trace,
 So imperceptible thy race,
 Or note thy passage—night or day—
 While centuries swiftly flit away,
 Till looking backward through the years,
 Their inspirations, hopes and fears,
 We wonder at the centuries flown,
 The progress or regression shown;
 And though four hundred years have gone,
 We hear the glorious words "sail on."

Sail on ! sail on ! fair freedom's bark,
 O'er unknown oceans deep and dark;
 Sail on ! 'gainst threat'ning storms and clouds,
 Though gales may whistle through the shrouds;
 O'er every dangerous, adverse tide,
 O'er surging billows safely glide;
 Sail on, through faction's darkling haze,
 'Through treason's blighting lurid blaze,
 Nor heed the traitor's base desire
 The Anarchist's mistaken ire—
 Despite the rabble's sullen roar,
 Till freedom's sun lights every shore.

Sail on ! along each glorious strand,
 By spice-charged breeze and zephyr fann'd,
 Where summer wears a brighter June,
 Where nations hail a brighter noon,
 Where freedom shows a stalwart youth,
 Enthroned with honor, justice, truth;
 Where law and liberty abide,
 Twin monarchs ruling side by side—
 Sail on ! while progress holds the helm,
 Nor seas nor storms can overwhelm,
 Till freedom lights eternal dawn,
 For liberty and man, SAIL ON.



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